



# CAR 'toons

FEBRUARY-MARCH 1963

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#### LEADFOOTED CARTOONISTS

I have read several issues of CAR'toons, and have enjoyed them very
much. I have two questions that I would
like to have answered, if possible. They
are: Where do the editors get their
ideas for their cartoons? Are any of
the editors driving in any racing
events? Your reply will be gratefully
respected. Thank you.

Grey Harmon Culver, Indiana

We all sit around a Bunsen burner toasting marshmallows and when someone says something funny we jot it down... we don't get too many ideas that way, but we get the best marshmallows.

Millar is the only racer in the crowd. His modified '55 T-Bird loves Corvettes.

#### HOW DO YOU DO IT?

I must congratulate you on your cartoon book. It's nice to see a book of this type slanted to the Hot Rodders. Where do you get your ideas? . . . they seem so true to life.

Robert G. Finch Brawley, Calif.

Toasting marshmallows.

## ASK THE GUY IN THE LOCKER

How can I find your cartoon book? Is it sold on the newsstands? Or do you have to subscribe to it? I found a copy stuck in my locker at school and would like to see the rest of them.

> Bill Simmons Yuma, Nev.

You should be able to find them on the newsstand; ask your dealer, if you can't locate it. Better yet, write to CAR'toons back issues, 5916 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

# CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL

I don't know who you get too check you're spelling . . . but you guys cant spell worth a darn. If you want me too, I'll send you a dictionary.

Harry Moore Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thanks Harry . . . but after reading your letter, I think you'd better keep it.

## ST. NICK IN ORBIT

CAR'toon #9 was just great! Santa blasting into space was too much. I liked the bit on Shop Talk too. The Foto Funnies are the greatest. Where do you get all those old photos?

> Carl Anderson Neilsville, Minn.

We have an old photographer.

### WE LOVE YOU TOO

I've just finished reading issue #8, and can't help but mention that you guys are sure a motley looking crew . . . you must be kidding?

No Name Given Pacific Grove, Calif.

We can't have good looks and talent too.

#### OUT OF THIS WORLD

The cover of the December issue was out of this world. The best you've done to date. Keep up the good work.

> Barton King Roswell, N. M.

Thanks, wethought it was a ball too. Hope you enjoyed the rest of the book as much.

#### WHAT THE HECK?

In the December-January issue you reprinted several letters from readers who have claimed to have turned time on your #5 CAR'toons Drag Game. I thought I'd write and tell you they are pulling your leg. It can't be done! I've tried the game myself, several times, and I keep ending up back at the starting line . . . if I can't get started . . . how can they?

Peter White Fargo, No. Dak.

Gee, I'm glad you told me. Now I can put the lousy game away.

#### MODEL READER

A friend and I chip in together so we can buy your comic book, we don't have much money left, after we get through buying Hot Rod and Rod & Custom. I have a complaint I'd like to make . . . how come you don't have any cartoons about building models? I can't afford to fix my heap, so I take my frustration out on models . . . these I can afford. So how about seeing some model 'toons?

Rex Wilson

Los Angeles, Calif.

Yea, I guess you're right.

#### **FUNNY FUNNY FUNNY?**

I thought the Crankinstein story was the funniest thing you guys have done to date. But the Venetian Milestone thing was pretty rank, you can do better than that. Tough cover of Saint Nick. Good luck.

> Jim Davis New York, N. Y.

Win a few . . . lose a few.

# SWEATIN' OUT THE NEXT ONE

Your December-January issue was real nice. I liked the Crankinstein story, Christmas Carload and Foto Funnies. But really, that Milestone cartoon was for the birds. I'd like to see more Shop Talk photos. Hurry up with the next issue, I can't wait.

Wilton Andrews El Paso, Texas

You have a friend living in New York. You guys ought to get together.

#### THE SHOE FITS

I'm a mother of a son that spends all his hard earned money on your magazine. At first I was pretty mad at him for wasting his money away, but now that my husband is reading it, I can't complain. In the October-November issue, page 32-33, your character, Arin Cee had a muffler blow up . . . it's funny to me, because my husband built a muffler for our son . . . and it blew up too. Thank you for "The story of my life" cartoon.

Mrs. Eugene Manny Derby, Conn.

#### WHERE YOU HIDING 'EM?

I have read the last three copies of CAR'toons and would like to get the earlier issues. Where may I obtain them?

Chuck Hastings Baton Rouge, La.

Try writing to CAR'toons, 5916 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

#### THE KIDS STILL LAFFIN'

I have just finished reading CAR-'toons #8 and think it is the funniest one you've done yet. I really dug the Greasy Kid thing and of course Arin Cee is always a gass.

Steve Miller
North Hollywood, Calif.

#### WANTS AN ANNUAL CAR'toons

I've missed several of the earlier issues of CAR'toons and I was wondering if you guys are planning to publish an annual? The guys that borrow my copy never return it and I like to re-read it every once in awhile.

Richard LaBlac Cleveland, Ohio

Your point is well taken.

#### YA WAITS IN LINE . . YA TAKES YER TURN

This is the third letter I've sent you guys...don't you guys print letters?

No name given Englewood, Colo.

Yes.

#### ARE YOU KIDDING?

I sure thought issue #5 was real fine and was real pleased to find it larger in size. I hope you keep it up. Can the Drag game really be played? I'm having the darnest time making the dice. Are you kidding?

> Chet White Yuma, Ariz.

Not really.

Address all correspondence to: CAR'toons, 5959 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood 28, California



MAN I FACED, TOO, BOY! THAT WAS A **REAL** SHOW-DOWN. IT'S AS CLEAR IN MY MIND NOW AS IT WAS THEN. MY NOTORIOUS REPUTATION ENDED IN A SMALL TOWN CALLED

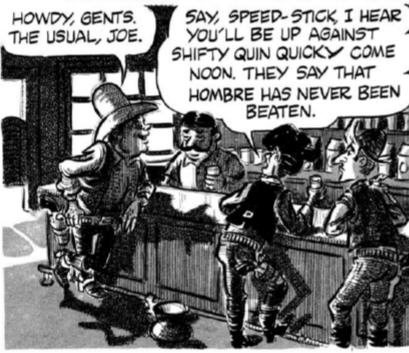


BIG NAME FOR THEMSELVES AND I WAS NO EXCEPTION.











YUP! HEAR TELL HE'S NO PIG WHEN

IT COMES TO PUSHIN' A GEAR KNOB



I HEAR TELL GEAR BOX BEND FOLK ARE BETTING AGIN YA, SPEED-STICK. THEY SAY THAT SHIPTY QUIN QUICKY HAS ALREADY DUG YOUR NOTCH IN HIS STIRRING WHEEL.



I GUESS IT WOULD SHAKE A FELLER UP SOME IF HE GOT TO THINKING ABOUT THE HUMILIATION IT WOULD BRING HIM IF HE WAS TO BE BEATEN BY THIS OUTSIDER. HE SURE WOULD BE THE TOWN FOOL ALL RIGHT.



I WOULDN'T LET IT SHAKE ME, SPEED-STICK, JUST CAUSE THE BEST RODS AROUND SAY SHIFTY'S THE FASTEST STICK ALIVE!



JOE'S MILK BAR OF ALL THE NEEDLE JABBING
JABBER I EVER HEARD...
FASTEST STICK ALIVE!!
THEY'LL BE SINGING A DIFFERENT
TUNE WHEN SHIFTY QUIN QUICKY
FEELS THE STING OF...
SPEED-STICK STACY!!



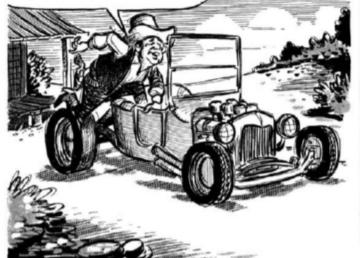
I WAS SAVING MY SUPER SPEED TRANSMISSION ATTACHMENT FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION AND IT LOOKS LIKE I HAD BETTER MAKE THAT OCCASION NOW!



HEY, SPEED-STICK, SAPPLE UP, BOY. SHIFTY QUIN QUICKY IS COMING OVER THE RISE!



WOULDN'T YUH KNOW, IT'S HIGH-NOON AND I WON'T HAVE TIME TO GO THROUGH THESE SUPER-SPEED GEARS ONCE BEFORE THE GEAR MESH MATCH WITH SHIPTY!

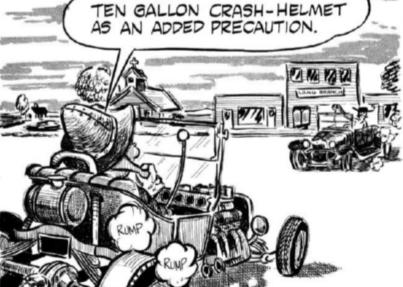






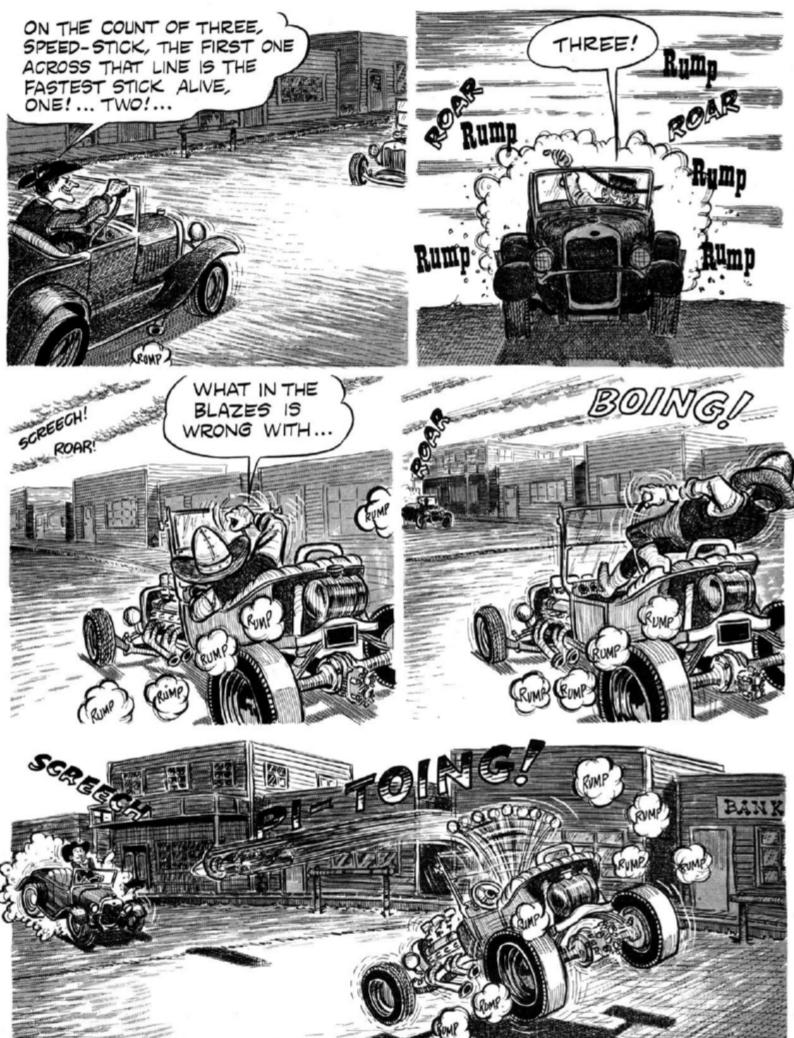
WELL, WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE SPEED-STICK IS REALLY STICKING HIS NECK OUT. I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO MAKE THIS GUY LOOK GEAR SLOPPY. THEN...SHIFTY QUIN QUICKY WILL TAKE TOP BILLING FOR SURE!





I'D BETTER DON MY









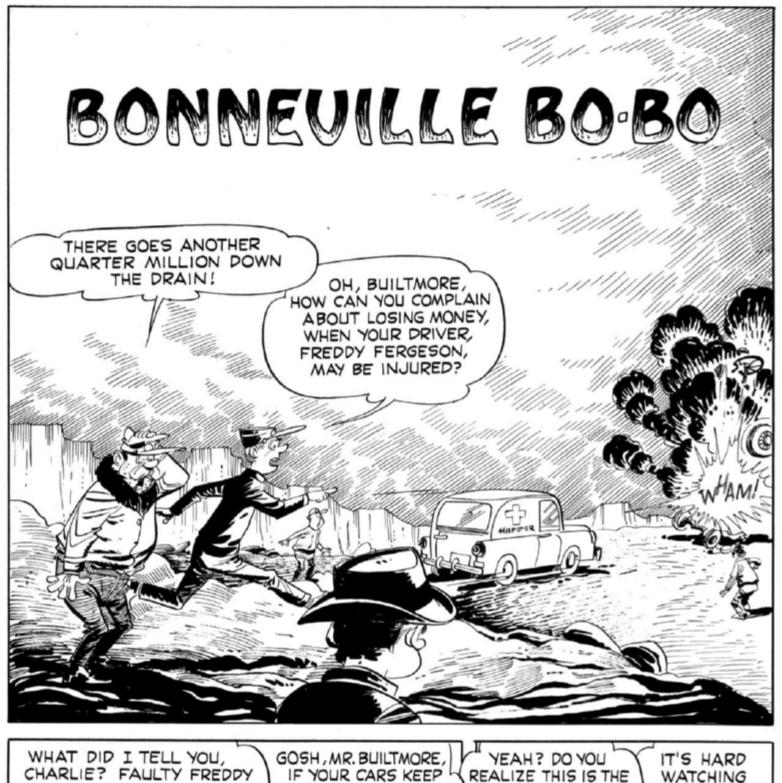




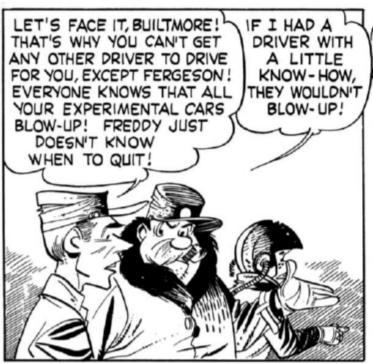


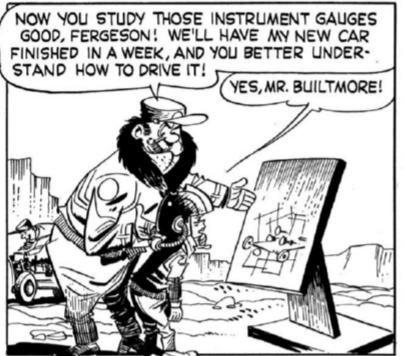




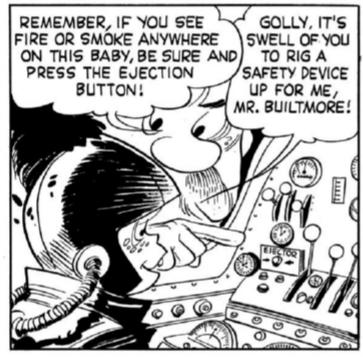




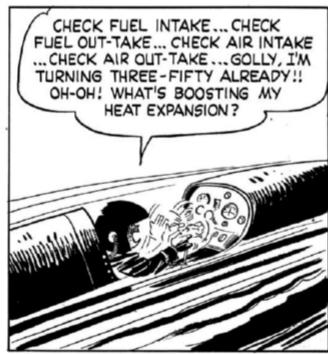








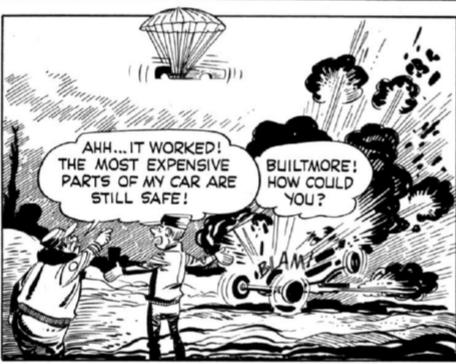


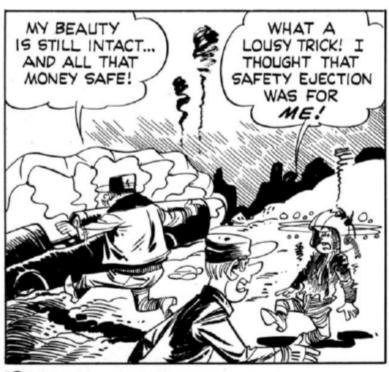












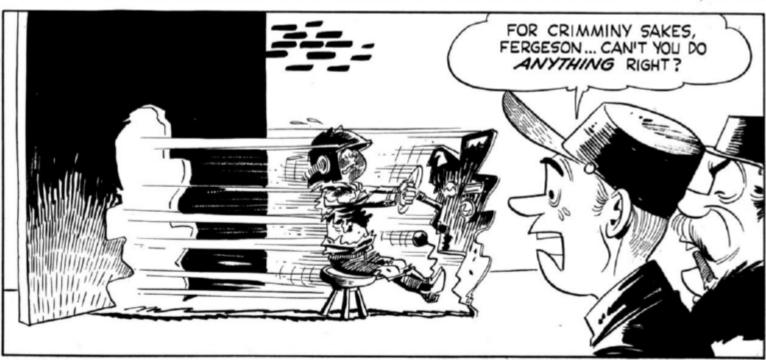


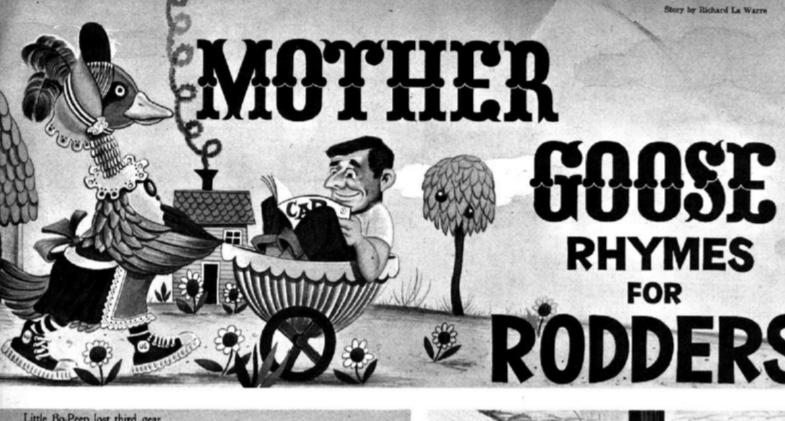


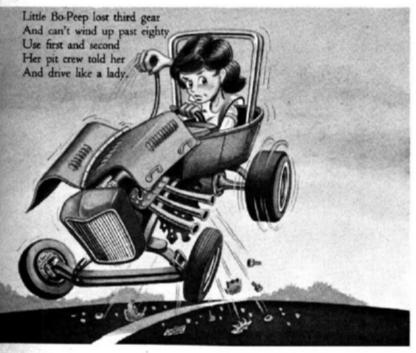


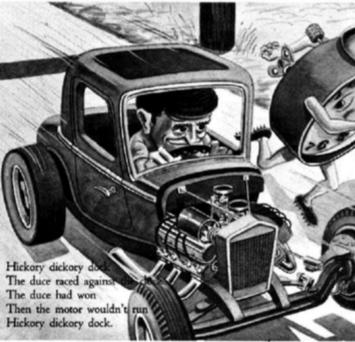




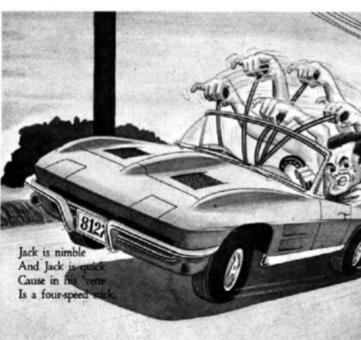


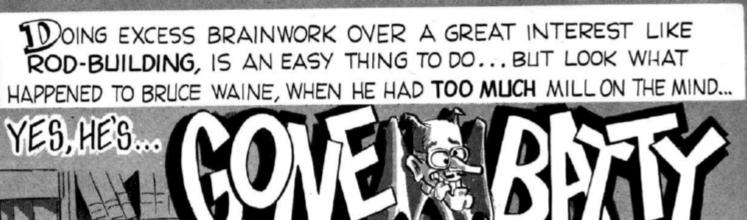




















... I HAD A FANTASTIC PLAN TO RIG UP WINGS ON THE CRANKSHAFT OF MY HIGH COMPRESSION ENGINE ...

...ON A PRETEST DRY-RUN, THE DARN
THING BALANCED PERFECTLY, AND IT SURE
FELT LIKE IT COULD JUST— TAKE OFF!





THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BIG TEST-FLIGHT, THESE STRANGE DREAMS STARTED!

I IMAGINED MYSELF AS SOME KIND OF GUARDIAN HOT-ROD PROTECTOR, AND CALLED MYSELF... THE BAT!





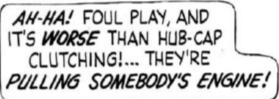




... AND I'M OFF ON THE TRAIL OF JUSTICE... TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO THE NASTY THIEVES OF THE HOT-ROD UNDERWORLD!















...WELL, THAT'S THE STORY, DOC, AND EVERY NIGHT I WENT ON A NEW DREAMLAND MISSION OF JUSTICE... AND I NEVER DID GET AROUND TO REALLY TESTING THAT WINGED-ROD, I BUILT!

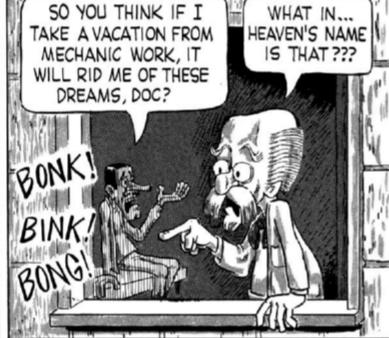


YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR, WAINE...WITH A COMPOUND CASE OF BATSIE-WATSIE IN YOUR BELFRY WHICH RESULTS IN FLOATING FANTASIES AND HALLU-CINATIONS! YOU'RE LIVING



WAKE UP! FACE REALITY, FELLA!
HOW COULD A STUMBLEBUM LIKE YOURSELF
EVER BUILD A FLYING CAR? ... AND AS FOR
BEING THIS NOBLE BATMAN...YOU COULDN'T
MAKE BATBOY FOR THE LITTLE LEAGUERS!
GET YOUR MIND OFF CARS FOR AWHILE!





THAT'S MY SON, ROBIN!
I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE
LEFT THE CAR KEYS ON
THE LIVING-ROOM SOFA!
NOW MY SON HAS THE
SAME DELUSIONS I HAVE!

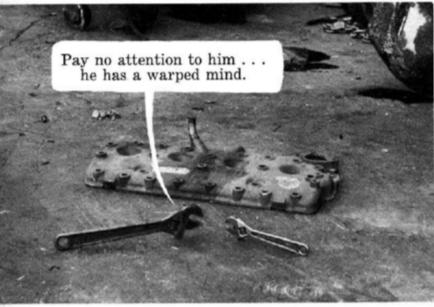


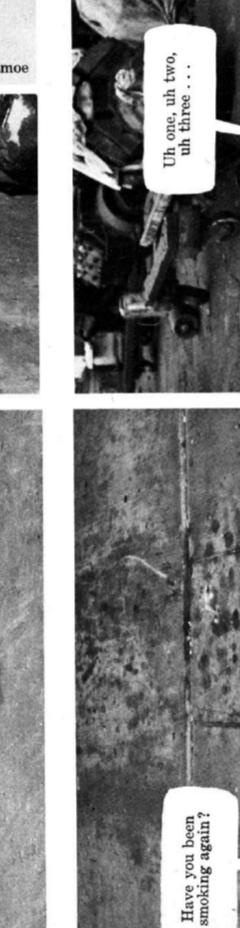


WHAT DO YA THINK YOU'RE
DOING, ROBIN? MY JOB
IS BEING THE BAT...BESIDES, YOU'RE JUST HAVING
A FANTASY DREAM!















As the fine old sport of hot rodding has been developed and expanded, many interesting and useful items related to the sport have had their inception. Thus have such goodies as speed equipment, crash helmets, special tools, artistic decals and an endless list of assorted by-products spewed forth from the bottomless cornucopia of this action packed sport.

Now, comes still another item. Feeling that the rodding sport might be dramatically portrayed in sheer sound, the Racket Recording Corporation has begun an indepth study of the various noises and sounds that constitute a substantial part of the hot rod scene. Much of the research is even going behind the speed-engineering scene in hopes of capturing those

familiar little sounds that will best convey the rich drama and profound moods which are all phases of rodding at its finest.

By utilizing the simple expedient of combining famous tune titles with high-fidelity sound-recordings made on the spot, Racket Recording expects to realize a small fortune from the finished platters.

Having obtained special permission to bring before the rodding public a rough catalog of some of the more exciting recordings made to date, here is a promising preview of the unique adventures in rodding sound due to blareforth from the nation's hi-fi sets across the land in the foreseeable

future . . .

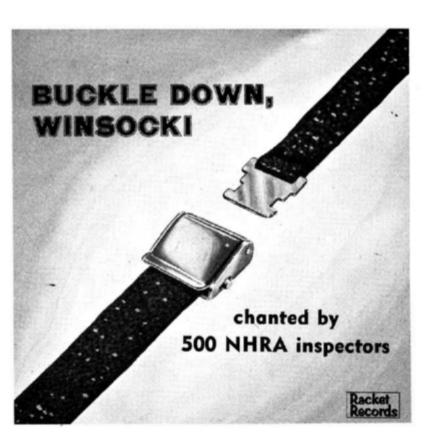
Story by Kohl Art by Milla





LP-31009, IT'S A GRAND OLD FLAG. A stimulating salute to the tattered checkered-flag used to denote the very first drag-race winner.

LP-65323, THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC. The soo relaxing sounds of forty gallons of reclaimed, 40-vautomotive oil being poured into a hollow barrel.



SLEWFOOT
SAL

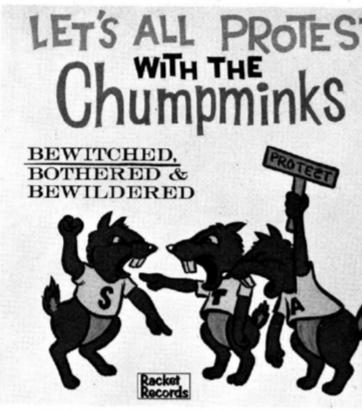
ORIGINAL
SOUNDS

Teaturing
HOG HONDA
and her "Chain Guards"

LP-89983, *BUCKLE DOWN*, *WINSOCKI*. Literally a symphony of stern admonitions concerning the habitual use of approved seat-belts. A must for every musical library.

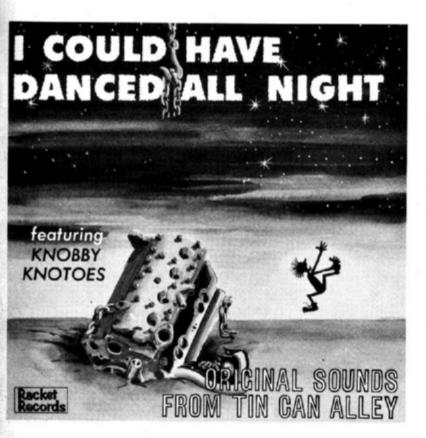
LP-83500, *SLEW-FOOT SAL*. The mellifluous re and commentaries of a lady motorcyclist givin opinions upon the ski-footing sport of hill-climbs.



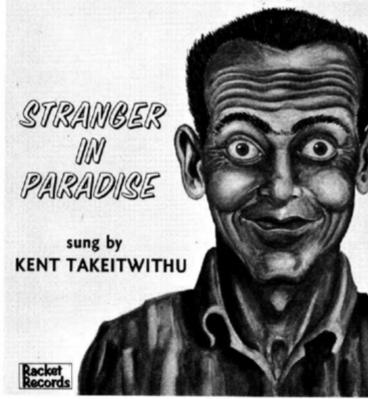


LP-35585, THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE. Enchantingly powerful cantata of tire-iron clanging against wheel rims accompanied by chorus of all-male grunts.

LP-99947, BEWITCHED, BOTHERED & BE DERED. A delicate tonal study of a trio of male varrying a central conversational theme. Three Be ville losers commenting on their lousy luck.

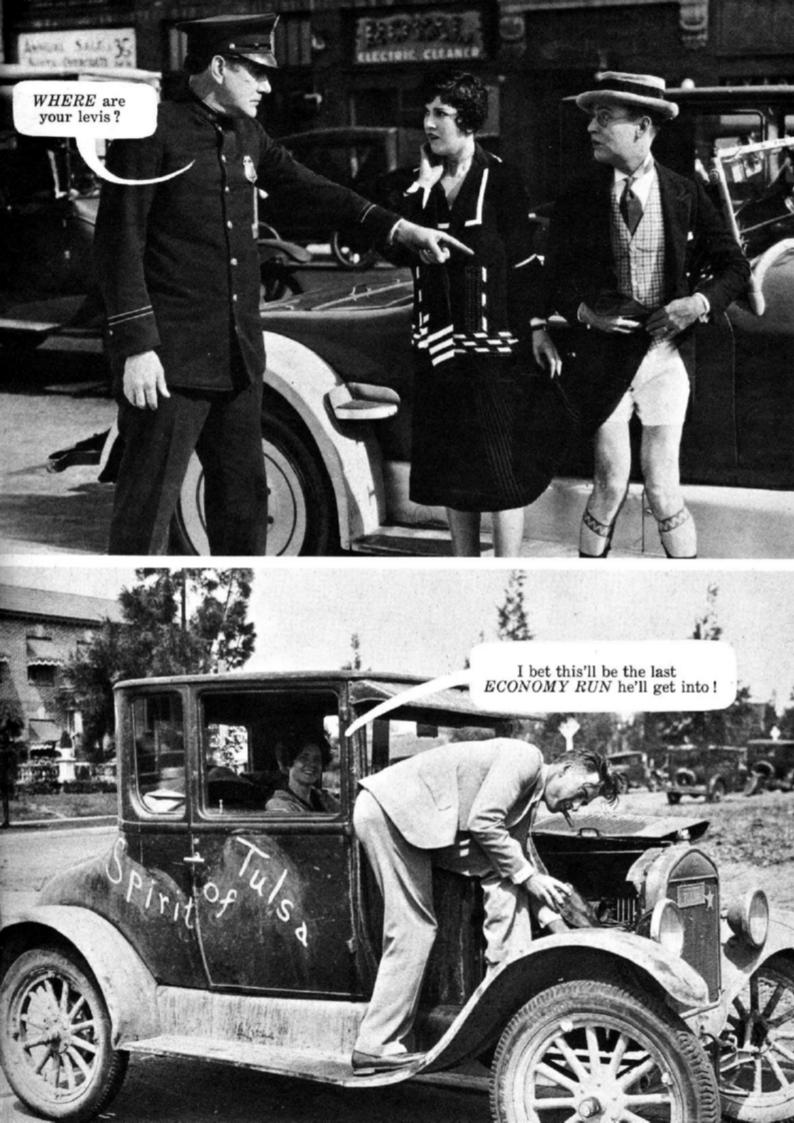


LP-22211, I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT. Stirring march sung by man who has just dropped a reworked engine block on his foot. Contrapuntal oaths are devastatingly bold.



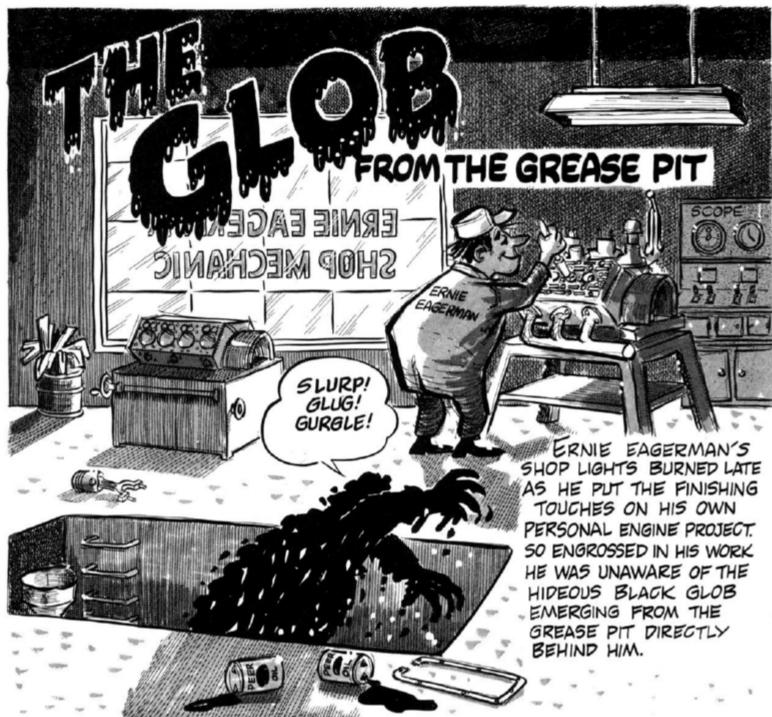
LP-67688, STRANGER IN PARADISE. Tender a ments as expressed in fluctuating rhythms by twoiced enthusiast locked in a chrome-plating shothen eight.

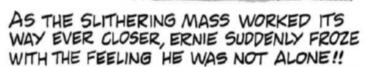








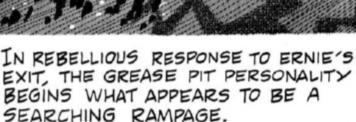














GOLLY, SOMETHING SURE HAS BEEN GIVING THIS PLACE A THOROUGH GOING OVER. BETTER GET A BULLETIN OUT ON THIS CHARLIE. TELL US, EAGERMAN, WHAT DID THIS THING YOU SAW LOOK LIKE?

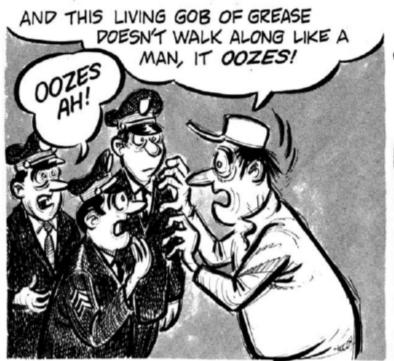






WELL, IT WAS LIKE...A...A SLITHERING MASS OF MUCK...IT STOOD AT LEAST EIGHT FEET TALL.





AND WHEN IT GETS WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE IT STRETCHES ITS BIG BLACK OILY GREASE CAKED ARMS AND...



MY NAME'S PROFESSOR PETER PLAGUE.

I MAKE A STUDY OF CASES WHICH SURROUND
THE SCIENTIFIC REALM SUCH AS THIS ONE. I
IMPLORE YOU, MR. EAGERMAN, TO TELL ME WHERE
THIS UNTIDY CREATURE CAME FROM.



HMM...YES, I THINK I CAN TELL YOU THE ORIGIN OF THE AMBULATING GREASE GLOB.



YOU SEE THE RESIDU COLLECTED IN THIS AWPUL PIT OVER THE YEARS HAS PRODUCED A FILTHY FUNGUS MATERIAL.



...AS MORE DIRT COLLECTED IT FORMED AN OILY ORGANIZM AND MULTIPLIED ITSELF INTO A LIVING GLOB!







OF COURSE, SURE WHAT

ELSE.

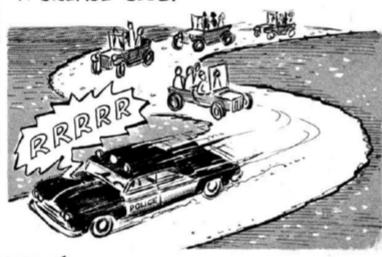
YOUR GREASE GUNS,

GENTLEMEN.

HOW CAN US MECHANICS HELP CATCH THE GLOB, PROFESSOR PLAGUE, AND WHAT DO WE USE TO STOP A GREASE GLOB ANYWAY?



ESCORTED BY THE POLICE, THE TOWN MECHANICS ARMED WITH GREASE GUNS SET OUT TO APPREHEND THE WORLD'S MOST SLIPPERYEST OUTLAW... A GREASE GLOB.









WE WERE OUT OF MECHANIC SOAP AND I'VE BEEN SEARCHING THROUGH EVERY GARAGE IN TOWN TO FIND SOME. IT SEEMED EVERYBODY WAS OUT OF THIS STUFF EXCEPT THIS GARAGE.



I JUST MADE A SLIGHT MISCALCULATION. NO! ... NO!



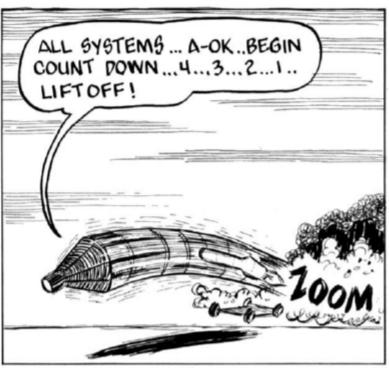


WE SPENT A WEEK CLEANING OUR GREASE PITS OUT AND THIS GLOB TURNS OUT TO BE JUST ANOTHER MECHANIC. YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MUCH SCIENCE FICTION, FELLA! YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR, YOU MIGHT MAKE A PRETTY GOOD GREASE GLOB YOURSELF.

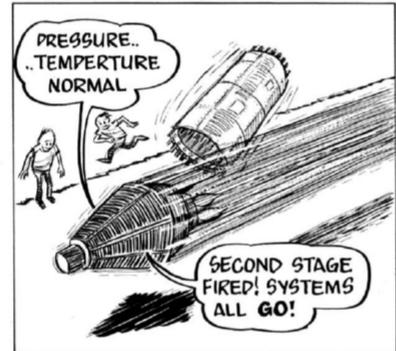


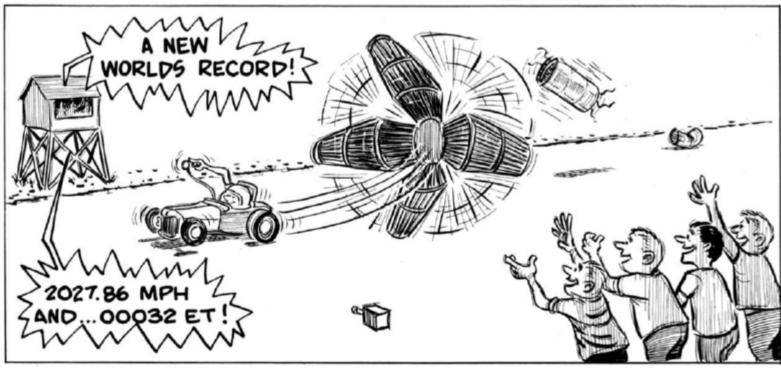




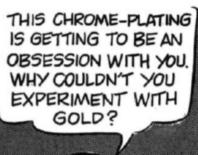


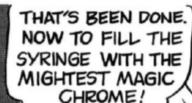


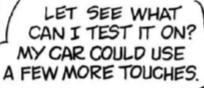












IT COULD!! LIKE WHAT? THE WINDSHIELD?















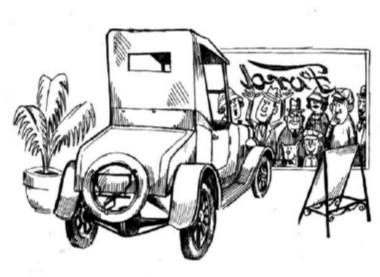


END



In '20 and 5 I rolled out of the shop,
With twenty new horses just itching to pop.
I felt like a filly all prissy and prim,
With my pretty black paint and my fancy brass trim.

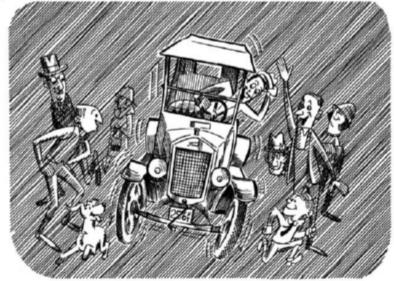




With care I was placed on a salesroom floor, The salesmen were smitten by all my decor. They waxed me, they buffed me, they patted my hood, And said things like, "Hot Zing, she sure does look good!"



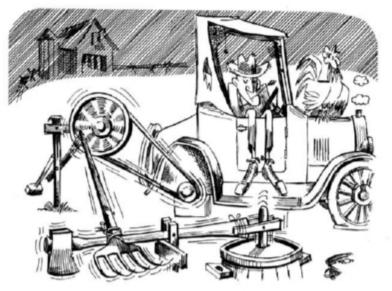
"Just look at this paint job," they'd say with a grin,
"...and don't overlook all this new brassy trim!"
Then onto the scene came my owner-to-be,
(I could hear his heart skip when he cried, "She's for me!")



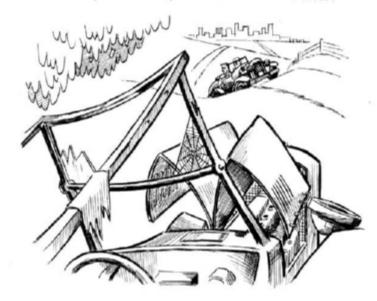
My joy was complete as the months flew on by, And wherever we travelled you'd hear the crowds sigh. Through burg and through hamlet we skittered and skooted. We darted, we rambled, we whooped and we hooted.



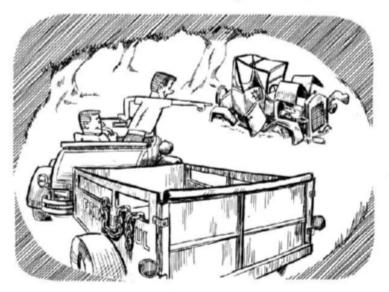
I had so much dash, so much vigor and vim, Not to mention that paint job and fancy brass trim! And then...like a nightmare...the sky turned to gray, My owner fell hard...for a new Model "A".



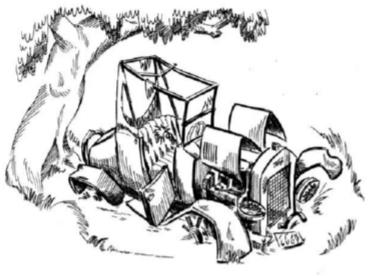
He cast me aside like an old pair of shoes, And left me to suffer the "Sold for Junk Blues." I was traded and shunted from one to another, "Til a farmer (cruel villain) used me to churn butter!



The sun cracked my leather, my headlights were busted, My top was all tattered, my motor was rusted. My eyes red with raindrops I looked to the highway, And what did I see but a car coming MY WAY!



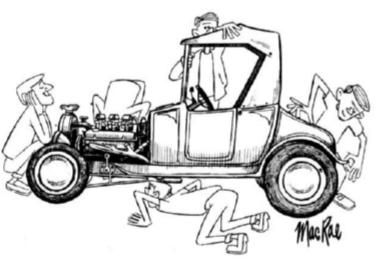
But to my surprise (and I ain't choppin' hay!)
He came back with a trailer...the VERY NEXT DAY!
He loaded me up and he took me to town.
(He must be a nut or else some kind of clown!)



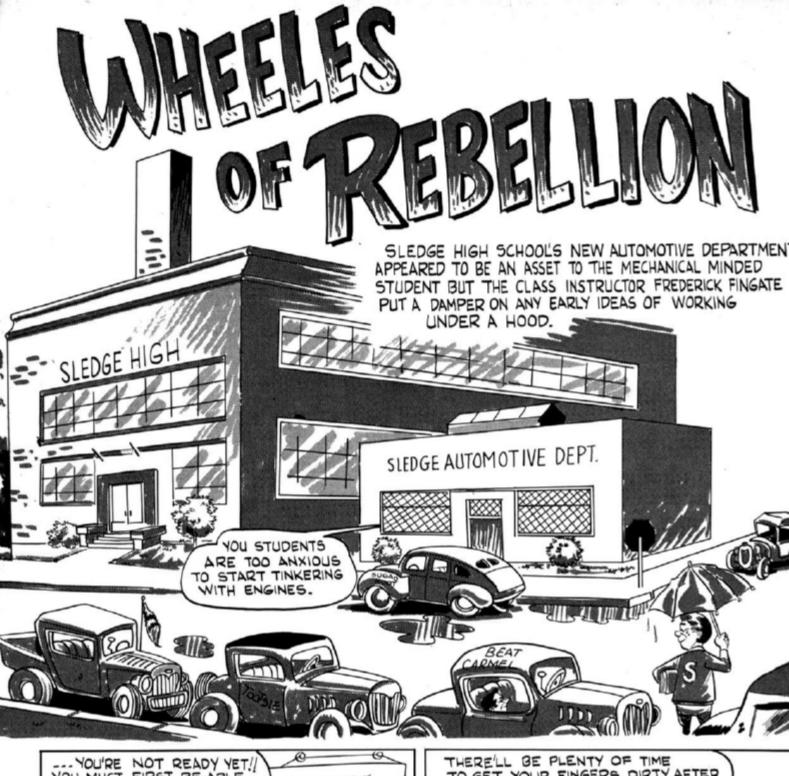
Soon I was replaced by another machine, A device that could churn *without* gasoline! I was turned out to pasture to rot and decay, My death-knell was struck, "Oh, CURSE that\_\_\_\_"A"!



The driver jumped out and I started to quiver, Oh, what could he see in this broken-down flivver? He ran all around me...peered under my chassis, "Aw, kid," I kept thinking, "you want somethin' sassy."



He gave me an engine all dressed up with chrome, Restored my old body...gave me a NEW HOME!!! Now people are saying I've plenty of class, With my pretty new paint and my fancy old brass.











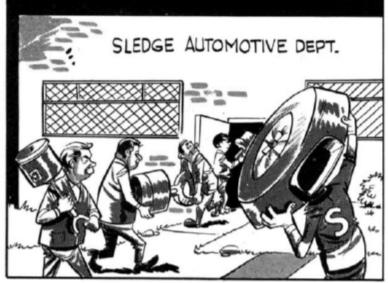


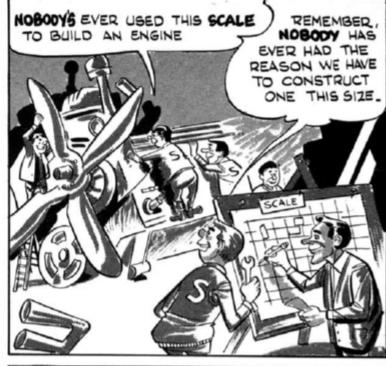






THE STUDENT OPERATION WAS UNDERWAY.
PECULIAR OVERSIZED AUTO PARTS WERE CARRIED INTO THE SHOP THAT BUZZED WITH ACTIVITY FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE IT WAS BUILT.



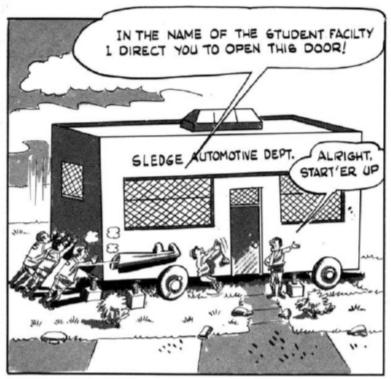


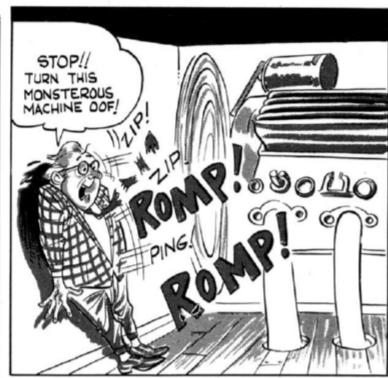


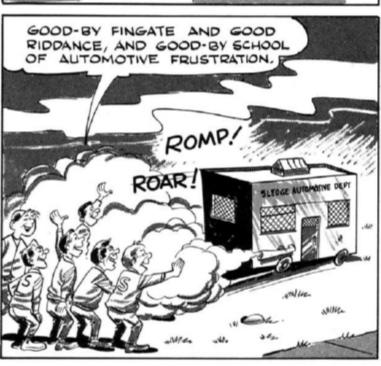




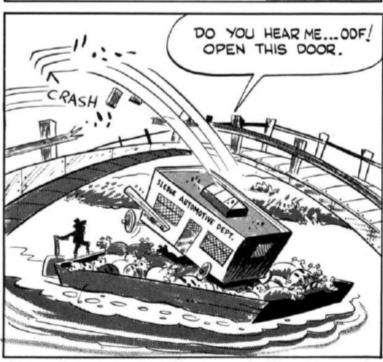


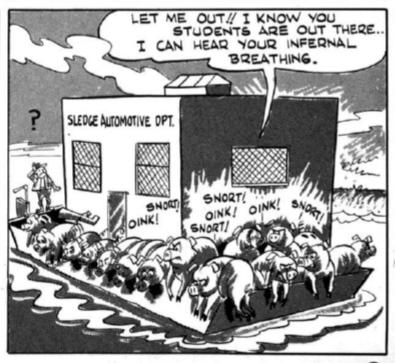


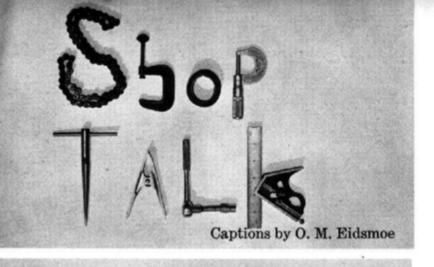


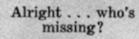




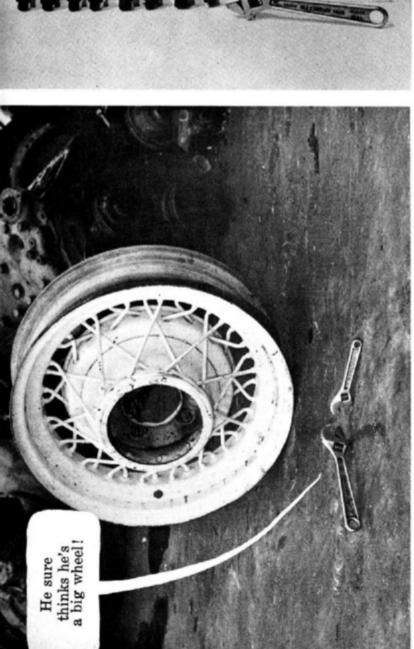














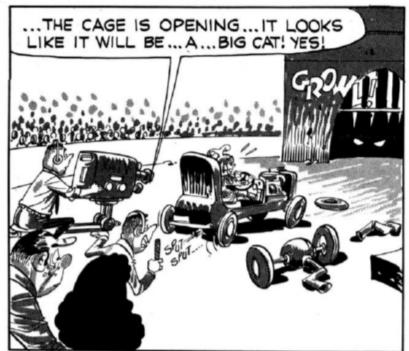


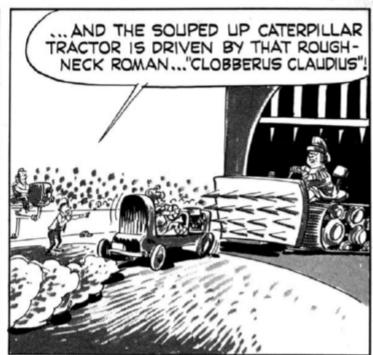
## HOT-CAR COLISEUM



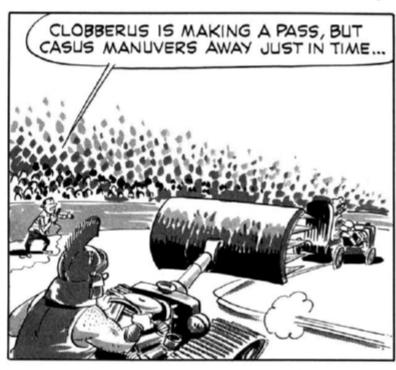






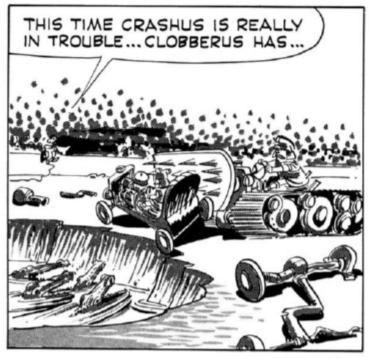


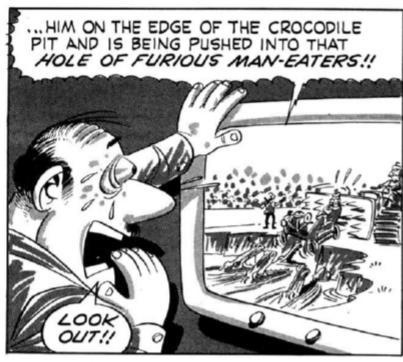




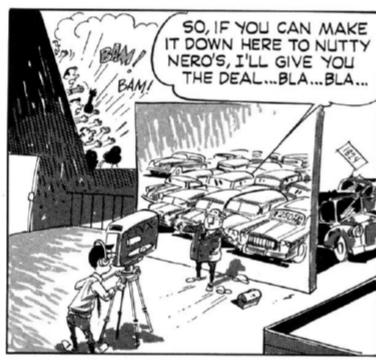


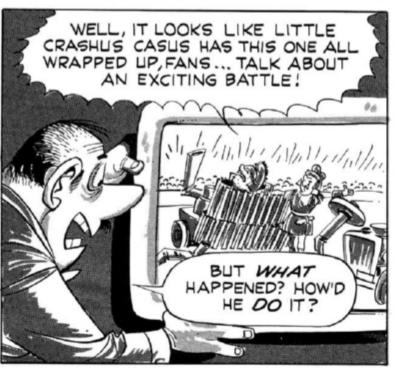




















YEAH, BUT THE BEST PART OF THE

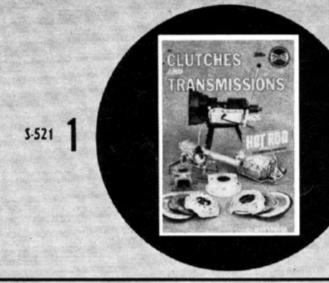






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